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ST. MARTIN'S THEATRE LONDON

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REANDEAN LTD

R. U. R. (Rossum's Universal Robots)

A Fantastic Melodrama

By KAREL CAPEK.

Translated by PAUL SELVER. Adapted by NIGEL PLAYFAIR.

THE CHARACTERS IN THE ORDER OF THEIR APPEARANCE

Harry Domain (*General Manager of Rossum's
Universal Robots*) By Mr. Basil Rathbone
(*By permission of Mr. Gilbert Miller*)

Sulla (<i>a Robotess</i>)	..	..	..	..	Miss Beatrix Thomson
Marius (<i>a Robot</i>)	..	..	..	..	Mr. Gilbert Ritchie
Helena Glory	..	..	..	..	Miss Frances Carson
Dr. Gall (<i>Head of the Physiological and Experimental Department of R.U.R.</i>)	..	..	..	..	Mr. Charles V. France
Mr. Alquist (<i>Head of the Works Department of R.U.R.</i>)	..	..	..	..	Mr. Brember Wills
Jacob Berman (<i>Chief Cashier for R.U.R.</i>)	..	..	..	..	Mr. Malcolm Keen
Emma	..	..	..	..	Miss Ada King
Radius (<i>a Robot</i>)	..	..	..	..	Mr. Leslie Banks
Helena (<i>a Robotess</i>)	..	..	..	..	Miss Olga Lindo
Primus (<i>a Robot</i>)	..	..	..	..	Mr. Ian Hunter
Robots	..	..	..	..	Messrs. Lawrence Baskcomb, Leslie Perrins, Alan Howland, Charles Cornock, Roy Leaker, Hugh Williams, George Cowley, Hugh Sinclair, Ernest Digges, David Franklin, Geoffrey Dunlop, Frederick Fanton, Cyril McLaglan, Caswell Garth.

At the
AMBASSADORS
THEATRE

THE PLAYBOX—Opening Shortly.
For further particulars see page 16.

EVERY EVENING AT 8.45.

The REANDEAN Company

Miss Meggie Albanesi Miss
The Play produced by BASIL DE



ACT I. Domain's Room in the Offices of Rossum's
Universal Robots.

Here there will be an interval of ten minutes.

ACT II. Helena's Drawing-Room. Ten years later.
Morning.

After Act II. there will be an interval of five minutes only.

ACT III. The Same. Towards Sundown.

Here there will be an interval of ten minutes.

ACT IV. A Laboratory. One year later.

Place : An Island. Time : The Future.



The production devised by BASIL DEAN.

The semi-permanent scenery designed by GEORGE W. HARRIS.

The imaginative costumes of the Robots made by Messrs. B. J. SIMMONS
of Covent Garden, from designs by GEORGE W. HARRIS.

Miss Frances Carson's dresses by BERTHE, of Half Moon Street; her
hat by ZYROT.

Chemical Apparatus and Microscope used in the Fourth Act kindly lent by
Messrs. R. B. TURNER & Co., Eagle Street, W.C.

Electrical Research Apparatus by the General Electrical Company.

The Play presented by arrangement with the Directors of the Lyric Theatre,
Hammersmith.

MATINEES : FRIDAY AND SATURDAY AT 2.30

“THE LILIES OF THE FIELD”

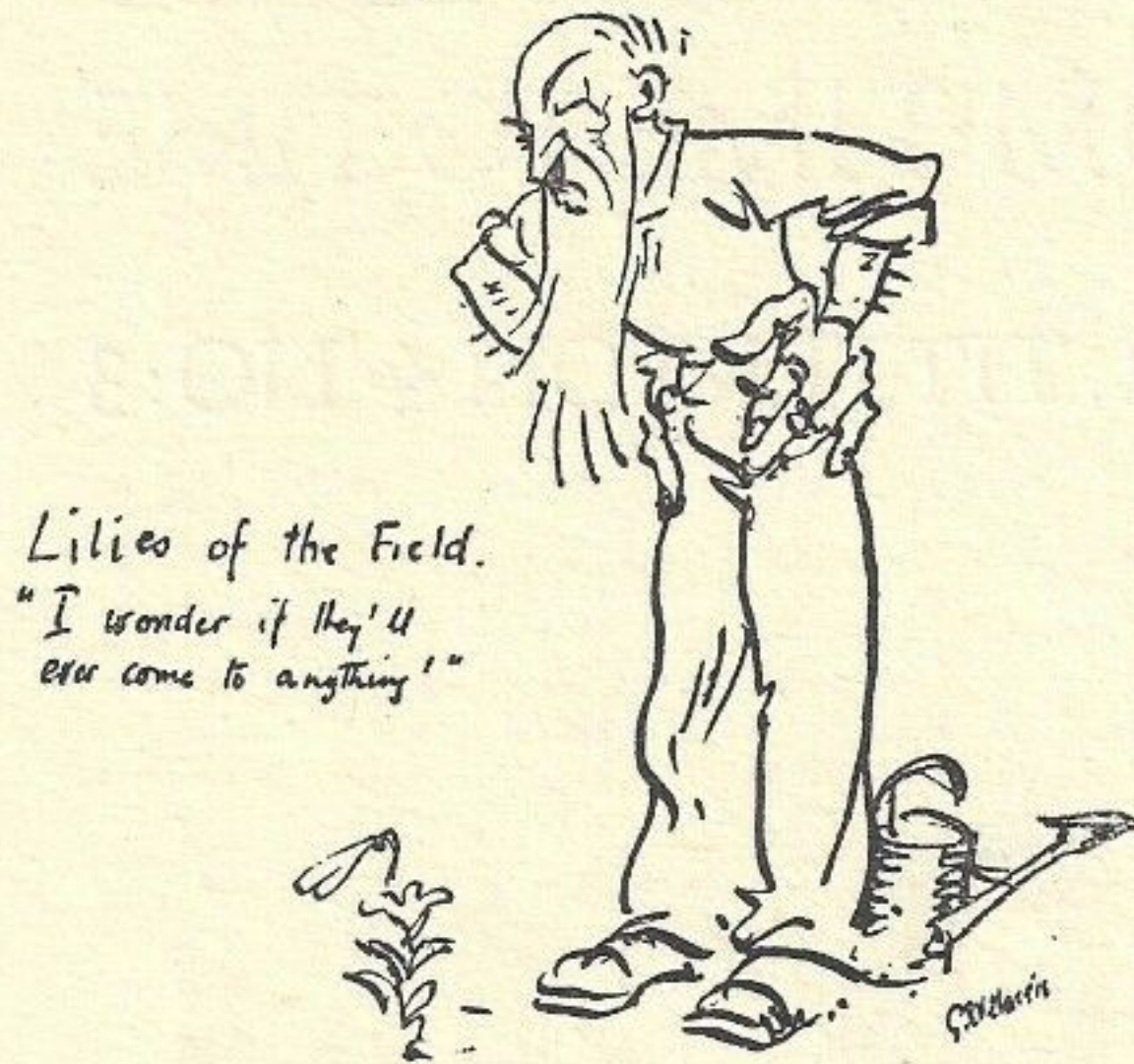
Comedy by J. HASTINGS TURNER.

Edna Best Mr. J. H. Roberts Miss Gertrude Kingston

The Scene- and some Costume- Designs by GEORGE W. HARRIS.

The Editor says:

“R.U.R.” has pleased both the critics and the public, and the word Robot has passed into the English language—indeed, there has been some talk of making it actionable. Even those few critics who have decided that the play does not mean anything, admit that it thrills.



But most have found it spiritually stimulating, and many have thought it a marvellous allegory of the life of our times. There has been but one opinion of the acting; and the “production” has not been condemned.

We turn, then, to the planting of “The Lilies of the Field” at the Ambassadors next door with a lighter heart, and a somewhat heavier pocket than we had when “R.U.R.” was put upon the market. This play of John Hastings Turner’s is an English comedy—English in its point of view and its manner of expression, in its humour, no less than its sentiment. We think you will like it all the better for that.

There is no need to introduce Mr. Hastings Turner to you. As a writer of books and stage-plays he is well known,

and as a writer of revues he is, as you will, —famous or notorious. And he is a very young man. Whatever be his achievement in this present comedy, we are convinced that he will eventually rank among the very finest of our contemporary dramatists.

The purpose of this play is to please. And that, indeed, always is the purpose of our productions. We are a commercial management intent on drawing the public to see our shows. Only we are workmen interested in our job, and we please ourselves, too, by doing it as well as we know how. This our public have found out, and they grant us the privilege of making experiments. There you have the whole truth about commercial management, a subject which, of late, has received some attention in the Press.

The Playbox, our pet experiment, has remained unopened too long, with frosty Fortune squatting on the lid. But now we are able to announce that it will be opened in a few weeks’ time, and that John Masefield’s “Melloney Holtspur” will step out of it. This remarkable play will be done at the St. Martin’s Theatre on the Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday afternoons of two successive weeks, and for as many more weeks as the Play-Box-Office requires.

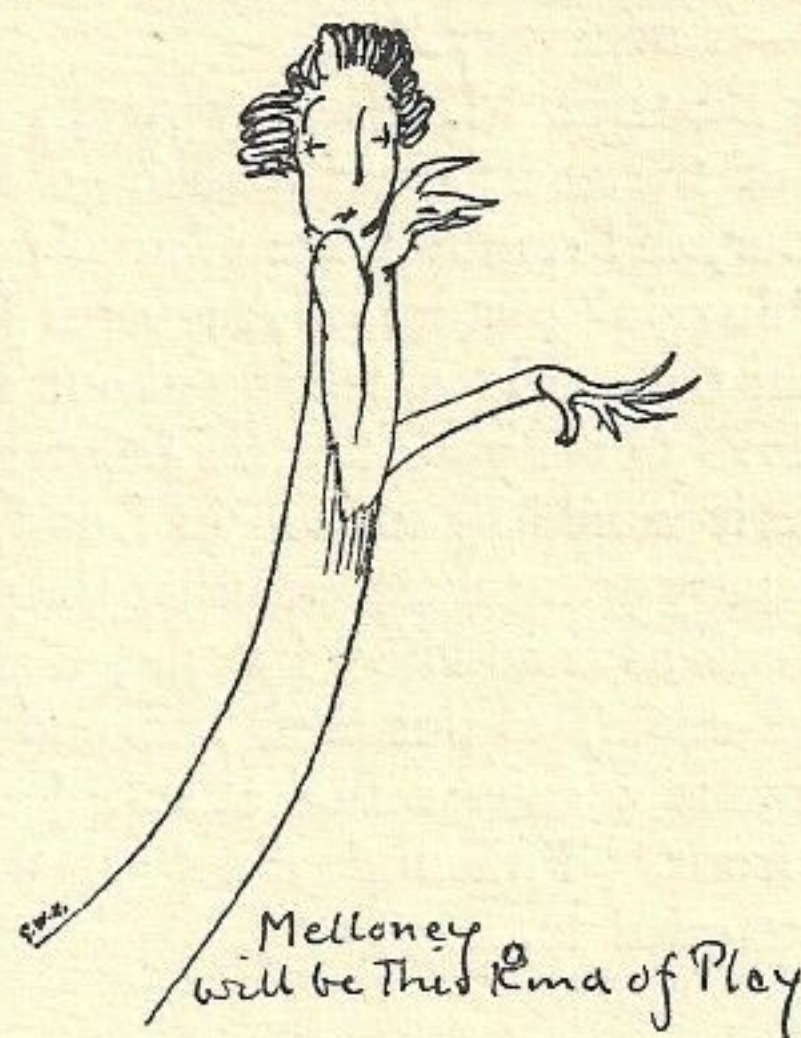
The Playbox, we repeat, is an experiment, and, with the best indulgence of our public, it cannot be a money-making one. It will be run largely on a co-operative basis, and with a house full of paying public at each performance, the individual shares of the actors would be small. If half the profession comes in on its card, and the other half on its face (what a subject for a cartoon!) there would be nothing to divide. Our professional friends will understand, there-

fore, why the usual free list has been entirely suspended, and the only guests of the management at these performances will be the dramatic critics.



"Hassan," by James Elroy Flecker, is destined for His Majesty's. This play was for several years the property of Reandean, and before Flecker died Basil Dean gave a solemn pledge that he would produce it, and make himself responsible for all the artistic arrangements. But we could find no chance of staging the play. During the last few months, however, we decided that His Majesty's was the one possible stage for "Hassan," and we persuaded Messrs. Grossmith and Malone to take over the major portion of our rights—with the proviso, of course, that our Director's pledge to Flecker should stand.

And so, with the prospect of enough work to occupy us till the autumn, we leave you to the enjoyment of the play. Of



your mercy, kind friends, think sometimes how much effort goes to the staging of those brief moments of boredom or delight!

THE CRITICS' CORNER

THERE have been, unfortunately, no complaints about No. 2 of the news-sheet, which somewhat cramps our style in filling the Critics' Corner. But indeed everybody has been so enthusiastic about "R.U.R." that we are compelled to fall back on the legitimate purpose of this causerie, and publish private criticisms—of the play, the management, and the theatre.

A strong supporter complains that, good as "R.U.R." undoubtedly is, as undoubtedly it is not an English play, and a management like Reandean should devote itself to the success of the English drama. Well, "R.U.R." is the first play by a foreign author put on by this management, and it was staged because the breakdown in Miss Albanesi's health stopped the production of Miss Clemence Dane's new comedy. Now we come with "The Lilies of the Field."

We have received a bunch of criticisms of the purpose of "R.U.R." One critic says that the play is an insult to the working-classes; another that it is an insult to the rich; another that it preaches revolutionary Socialism; another that it is stupidly reactionary; another that it is an attack on Christianity; another that it is too religious. We should like these critics to meet and talk it over between them.

Mrs. Hubert Terry sends us a most interesting letter on the decoration of the auditorium. "The dark panelling picked out with gold is an excellent ground work for a colour scheme." But will the red lights be kept? They "bring out rich tones in the panelling . . . heightened by the contrast of the gold." . . . "But, if these deep tones of the wood are to have their full value, they must be the darkest thing in the picture. . . . A black curtain would be fatal . . . If gold coverings for the seats . . . a gold

curtain" . . . and again, "if you still use the strong red lights you will find that the counteraction of some cool colour—green or blue—is necessary."

Miss Beatrice M. Findlay says: "the walnut of the auditorium is such an exquisite colour, and reminds one of an old violin or the "Suggia" picture of Augustus John's which all the world is talking about that I should love to see your theatre decorated so. I'm sure it would be unique in London."

A friendly critic complains that the people in the Stalls have nowhere (except, of course, the cloak-room) to put their hats and coats. He suggests a canvas bag attached to the stall in front. This undoubted grievance is being attended to.

An equally friendly critic, who writes from Southampton, tells us that the seats in the Upper Circle are most uncomfortable, and that only the excellence of the Reandean productions could make the occupants put up with the inconvenience. He objects to paying the cloak-room charges, and yet, far from there being room for hat and coat in the Upper Circle, there is not room for legs and feet. Must he leave these, too, in the cloak-room. We agree with every word he says, and at the earliest possible moment the St. Martin's will be re-built. But we wish our readers to understand that the charges of cloak-room accommodation are not the concern of the management.

Heard in the Foyer.

Sweet Young Thing: "Well, if some of those people don't get down we may as well stay on the doorstep."

Attendant: "Stalls down-stairs. Dress Circle . . ."

1st Critic: "Why do these revue merchants think they can write plays?"

2nd Critic: "Everybody writes plays nowadays. That's why we have to go abroad for our dramatists."

1st Starving Manager: "Dreadful slump!"

2nd Starving Manager: "Shocking!"

1st Starving Manager: "What do the public want?"

2nd Starving Manager: "Nothing! They never did. Our business is to give 'em something they'll want when they get it."

1st Starving Manager: "Well, it's red ruin anyhow."

2nd Starving Manager: "Absolutely! How's your new car?"

1st Starving Manager: "Not so dusty! Where are you going for your holidays?"

2nd Starving Manager: "Monte Carlo!"

Willie: "Seen the Robots? Wonderful play! Wonderful! What is it all about?"

Sweet Young Thing: "Well, dear! Here we are again! Almost like a repertory theatre! I love these short runs."

2nd Sweet Young Thing: "Yes, darling, you're used to them."

1st Sweet Young Thing: "Better than resting, anyhow. What did Dean say?"

Attendant: ". . . Downstairs."

Willie: "Seen the Robots? Wonderful play! Wonderful!"

Palpable Robot: "It's weird coming out after seeing them, and wondering whether your best pal ain't one, too."

1st Critic: "I hear that half the Court Circular wants to walk on in 'Hassan.'"

2nd Critic: "What! are the dresses to be daring?"

1st Critic: "No dresses at all, my boy! Schwabe-Hasait system of lighting!"

Attendant: "Dress Circle up the steps."

On Sale in this Theatre

R.U.R.

(Rossum's Universal Robots)

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